

The Tragedy of Darth Panda the Pantsless

This tale begins during his time in the Empire. A gifted pilot, Howlader Taldrya would crave war. His exemplary skills were never overlooked by his superiors in the Imperial Academy though many of his less “savory” exploits were. It was after one encounter in particular he discovered something about himself. He discovered he was “excited” by victory. This would be the driving force behind many of the Empire’s victories and later during his descent into the Dark Side of the Force, would consume him and fuel his quest for dominance.

Before the destruction of the second Death Star, the Empire flew many missions against Rebel forces across the galaxy in the hope of destroying small splinter groups, which would prevent a larger scale operation as seen a number of years prior. There emerged a prominent Rebel pilot named Onan Barbarin. Imperial intelligence was well aware of this Ace pilot so they tracked him to a small Rebel outpost near Ithor. There they sent a small attachment of the Imperial fleet to eliminate the menace. Howlader would be a part of this group.

Howlader knew of the many victories of Onan and the thought of taking him on in a dogfight would, at that time, be the highlight of his career. Almost immediately as Imperial fighters came out of hyperspace, they were met by Rebel opposition. Howlader noticed Onan’s X-Wing, *Little Johnny*, almost immediately. He cut from his flight to engage the Ace.

Both pilots proved to be quite a match for each other. Each jockeying for the advantage, neither targeting computer could obtain a solid lock-on. This went on for some time. With each passing minute, Howlader’s excitement built. His focus intensified as did a tingling all throughout his body. His focus began to sharpen. His reactions became almost automatic. He began to anticipate Onan’s maneuvers faster than Onan could make them. Finally Howlader obtained a lock and fired. Green turbolasers ripped through the cockpit of *Little Johnny*. Almost immediately the “excitement” exploded from him. With a proud victory over the Ace pilot and a large wet spot on his pants, Howlader returned to Imperial command. Upon landing, Howlader tried to make sense of what happened after eliminating Onan. Slightly ashamed of the possible reaction, he removed his pants before exiting his Tie Fighter. Thinking that this was just another odd stunt by the Empire’s best pilot, nobody ever questioned it or what would drive someone

to do so. Seeing there was little to no reaction from his superiors and comrades, he continued this practice.

Over the course of his career Howlader would volunteer for many more bounties that the Empire put on Rebel Ace pilots. With every successful encounter, the Pantless Panda as he would soon become known, would emerge from his fighter holding his pants in a tight ball. Pleased by his achievements, these victories would gain him many accolades. Though they were of little importance to him. All that mattered was chasing that high.

After the fall of the Empire, Howlader began to feel like a junky without spice. The feeling of victory. That power. It churned something inside him. Wondering the galaxy without a purpose led him to discovering Clan Taldryan. It was through them he realized that the feeling that drove him to victory in combat also fueled what they called the "Force."

His training in the Dark Side rekindled those urges he craved so intensely. As he dominated his opponents, his Force powers amplified, further driving his excitement and the pleasure he gained from victory. Later he would attain the position of Master at Arms, becoming a prominent and influential member of the Dark Council. Favoring the comfort of flowing robes over a uniform, Howlader never wore pants again.

- *As told by Revak Kur, Pin # 12656*